Couſin, on wedneſday next our Counſell we will hold
At Windſor, ſo informe the Lo ds:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeede to vs againe,
For more is to be ſaide and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

Weſt. I will, my Liege. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince of Wales and Sir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Falſ. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it lad?

Prince. Thou art ſo fat-witted, with drinking of olde ſacke, and vnbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping vpon benches after noone; that thou haſt forgotten to demaund that truely which thou wouldeſt truely know. What a deuill haſt thou to doe with the time of the day? vnleſſe houres were cups of ſacke, and minutes capons, and clockes the tongues of Baudes, and Dialles the ſignes of leaping houſes, and the bleſſed ſunne himſelfe a faire hot wench in flame-coulered taffata; I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhoudeſt be ſuperfluous to demaunde the time of the day.

Falſ. Indeede you come neere mee now *Hal*, for we that take purſes, go by the moone & the ſeuen ſtarres, and not by *Phœbus*, he, that wandring knight ſo faire: and I prethee ſweet wag, when thou art King, as God ſaue thy grace: maieſtie I ſhould ſay, for grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What none?

Falſ. No by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerue to bee prologue to an egge and butter.

Prince Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falſ. Mary then, ſweete wag, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the nightes body, bee called theeues of the daies beautie: let vs bee *Dianaes* forreſters, Gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the Moone, and let men ſay, we bee men of good gouernment, being gouerned as the ſea is, by our noble and chaſte miſtreſſe the moone, vnder whoſe countenance wee ſteale.

Prince. Thou ſaieſt well, and it holdes well too, for the fortune of vs that are the moones men, doth ebbe and flow like the ſea, being gouerned as the ſea is by the moone, as for proofe. Now a purſe